With flethly follyes vndefyled,
and ſtoute as ſteede of braſſe.
Sike one (ſayd *Algrin*) *Moſes* was,
that ſawe hys makers face,
His face more cleare, then Chriſtall glaſſe,
and ſpake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I knewe)
the firſt of all his cote,
A ſhepheard trewe, yet not ſo true,
as he that earſt I hote.
Whilome all theſe were lowe, and liefe,
and loued their flocks to feede,
They neuer ſtrouen to be chiefe,
and ſimple was theyr weede.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the worlde is well amend,
Their weedes bene not ſo highly wore,
ſuch ſimpleſſe mought them ſhend:
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
ſo hath theyr god them bleſſt,
They reigne and rulen ouer all,
and lord it, as they liſt:
Pygyrt with belts of glitterand gold.
(mought they good ſheepeheards bene)
Theyr Pan theyr ſheepe to them has ſold,
I ſaye as ſome haue ſeene.
For Palinode (if thou him ken)
yode late on Pilgrimage
To Rome, (if ſuch be Rome) and then
he ſawe thilke miſuſage.
For ſhepeheards (ſayd he) there doen leade,
as Lordes done other where,
Theyr ſheepe han cruſtes, and they the bread:
the chippes, and they the chere:
They han the fleece, and eke the flefh,
(O ſeely ſheepe the while)
The corne is theyrs, let other threſh,
their hands they may not file.

They han great ſtores, and thriftye
great freendes and feeble foes:
What needes hem caren for their flo
theyr boyes can looke to thoſe.
Theſe wilards weltre in welths wa
pampred in pleaſures deepe,
They han fatte kernes, and leany k
their faſting flockes to keepe.
Sike miſter men bene all miſgone,
they heapen hylles of wrath:
Sike ſyrlye ſhepheards han we non
they keepen all the path.

Morrell.

Here is a great deale of good matte
loſt for lacke of telling,
Now ſicker I ſee, thou doeſt but cl
harme may come of melling.
Thou medleſt more, then ſhall haue
to wyten shepheards welth:
When folke bene fat, and riches ra
it is a ſigne of helth.
But ſay me, what is *Algrin* he,
that is ſo oft bynempt.

Thomalin.

He is a ſhepheard great in gree,
but hath bene long ypent.
One daye he ſat vpon a hyll,
(as now thou wouldeſt me:
But I am taught by *Algrins* ill.
to loue the lowe degree.)
For ſitting ſo with bared ſcalpe,
An Eagle ſored hye,
That weening hys whyte head was
a ſhell fiſh downe let flye:
She weend the ſhell fiſhe to haue b
but therewith bruzd his brayne,
So now aſtonied with the ſtroke,
he lyes in lingring payne.